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03x07 - Stop Hurting Us

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03x07 - Stop Hurting Us

by **bunniefuu**

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[Brian's loft – Brian is with a man who's sucking his d*ck watching a porn movie about a judge and a criminal]

[On video]

Man 1: I'd like to see the defendant in my chambers...privately.

Man 2: Yes, your honour.

Man 1: This is proving to be a difficult case. The jury is hung, and for the record, your judge is also hung. There seems to be a big hole in your defence, and I'd personally like to probe into it a little deeper. Is that clear?

Man 2: Yes, sir.

Man 1: Will the defendant please rise?

Man 2: Yes, sir.

Man 1: Oh yeah, that's it...

[At the tribunal]

Melanie: With all due respect, your honour, $100,000 bail feels unduly harsh. The records clearly show that Mr. Schmidt has always been a law-abiding, tax-paying citizen trying to operate a legitimate business.

Lawyer: If you call an unsavoury, h*m* pornographic website a legitimate business.

Emmett: [whispering] As if that troll's never been to a porn site.

Melanie: Your honour, Mr. Schmidt was extremely diligent in keeping his business strictly up to code. He had no idea that his employee, Edward Stewart Malone, was a minor.

Judge: While it is this court's obligation to uphold Mr. Schmidt's right to operate his business of choice, however unsavoury, Mr. Rollins. This court will not tolerate ignorance when it comes to the corruption of a minor. It will ensure that Mr. Schmidt is punished to the full extent of the law.

Judge: Next case.

Bailiff: The state of Pennsylvania versus Joachim.

[Outside Ethan and Justin]

Ethan: I was brilliant!

Justin: I knew you would be.

Ethan: The audience was sceptical at first. Of course, I don't blame them.

Justin: That all changed once you began to play.

Ethan: I kicked a*s on the cadenza, the andante was perhaps a tad too con moto, but by the final allegro--

Justin: The audience was transfixed, transported.

[They come into a café]

Ethan: They even gave me--

Justin: A standing ovation.

Ethan: And this huge bouquet of--

Justin: White roses. Black coffee please.

Waiter: Coming up.

Justin: I was there.

Ethan: You...were there?

Justin: I couldn't miss your debut, so I borrowed Daphne’s car.

Ethan: You drove all the way to Harrisburg? Why didn't you tell me?

Justin: I thought you'd be pissed. Besides, your agent was all over you, so I just watched.

Ethan: What did you see?

Justin: You, talking to your worshipful admirers.

Ethan: Well, you should've rescued me.

Justin: Hey, you didn't seem to mind, especially that cute guy.

Ethan: What cute guy?

Justin: The one you left with.

Ethan: Oh, him? He was a music student. He wanted to pick my brains, that's all.

Justin: That's all?

Ethan: Yeah, we talked about grad schools. I don't even think he was g*y.

Justin: From where I was standing, it looked like he knew how to blow more than a trumpet.

Ethan: Sounds like you're jealous.

Justin: I'm not jealous.

Ethan: Then why would you even think I was interested?

Justin: Well, I remember another young admirer who came up to you afterwards, to tell you how amazing you were.

Ethan: Look, fans are going to want to meet me. Women, guys, they're going to want to talk, to flirt. They're going to think I'm sexy.

Justin: I noticed.

Ethan: But that's just part of the deal. We knew this was going to happen. Now, whatever the bullshit, you're the only one I love, the only one I play for.

[Debbie's house – In the bathroom]

Debbie believing talk to Vic: Sorry, baby, I gotta pee! [Running of shower] The diner called, I have to go in early and take over for Betty. Here I just got off the late shift. [Debbie watching the newspaper] Jesus Christ. Vic, it's Ted, he's on the front page! Holy sh*t, they've arrested him. Vic? Vic! What's wrong with you? You got water in your ears?

[A man opening the curtain] Who the f*ck are you?

Vic running in the bathroom: Um, morning, sis. I see you've met Rodney.

[In the street – Stockwell, Brian, Nancy and Dominic]

Jim: This porn bust got me a lot of attention.

Nancy: And a nice bump in the polls.

Dominic: That should give you some fodder for your next spot.

Jim: Tell me, Brian, you got any kids?

Brian; Yeah, a son.

Jim: Then I'm sure you share every parent's concern that he might come across some porn site like this scumbag, Schmidt, was running.

Brian; He's only two.

Nancy: The point is, Jim made a promise to the voters to make this city family friendly. He intends to

keep it.

Dominic: You'll soon discover the chief's a man of his word.

Brian: I'm finding that out.

Dominic: Just look at this street. Back rooms, bathhouses...

Nancy: It's a veritable breeding ground for every form of sexually transmitted disease.

Jim: But with your help we're going to clean it up.

Nancy: And in the process, win the election.

Jim: By the way, you play racquetball?

Brian: Yeah, I love racquetball.

Jim: Good. Meet me at the athletic club, tomorrow night, about 8:00. I'll whip your a*s.

[Ben and Michael in bed making love]

Ben: Oh... sh*t, sh*t sh*t, sh*t! Oh god.

Michael: Oh, did you come?

Ben: No-no-no-no, thank god.

Michael: What?

Ben: The condom broke.

Michael: Look, no. No, don't. Keep going.

Ben: What? I said, keep going. I don't care. But, Michael, you could get--

Michael: I don't care. f*ck me!

Ben: Oh... god! [Groaning] Michael! Oh, Michael. Mike--

[At the diner]

Debbie: [voice echoing] Michael... Michael? Huh! You look just like you did when you were 12 years old, daydreaming about you and Captain Astro flying off to some incredible new adventure… Or to f*ck. So where's Ben? I haven't seen him for days.

Michael: He's just got a heavy workload at school, that's all.

Debbie: Well, if it isn't Casanova! Your uncle has a boyfriend, and well hung too, at least from where I was sitting.

Vic: We've only gone out a few times.

Debbie: They had a sleep- over last night.

Michael: That's great, uncle Vic.

Vic: Try miraculous. I thought I was destined to spend the rest of my life dating my right hand.

Debbie: So when do I get to meet him with his clothes on?

Vic: I've invited him for dinner tomorrow night.

Debbie: Woo!

Vic: Thought I'd make a turducken.

Michael: What?

Vic: Turducken. You take a chicken, you stuff it up a duck, then stuff that up a turkey.

Debbie: Kind of like a three-way, but with poultry. You and Ben have to come too.

Vic: Do we have to have the entire family there?

Debbie: Well, what good's a family if we can't make you squirm?

[Ringing of bell] Man: Hey, Deb, your order's up.

Debbie: Would you lay off hat f*ck' bell? This isn't a prizefight. [Debbie speaking to Vic and Michael] Excuse me.

[Ted's place]

[Ringing of telephone]

Ted: Thank god my mother will never see this.

Mel: Did she die?

Ted: No, she never reads a newspaper.

[Ringing of telephone]

Emmett: Hello? May I ask who's calling? One moment. It's your mother.

Ted: Hi, mom. Oh, not bad, and you? Oh, you did? Yeah, I know, it's not a very good picture. No, look...look, it's just a misunderstanding, mom. It'll all work out. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. I'll call you later... And don't forget to take your blood pressure pills. [***] She's going to need 'em.

Ted: "g*y porn king"? I have one lousy little website. And who do they single out? Me. God. After I was so careful to check and double-check for every possible infraction. Except for one. Eddie. There he was, the whole time, right by my side, with his phoney ID. It's a plot worthy of Puccini.

Emmett: Teddy, please, if you're not careful, you'll need your mother's medication.

Ted: Huh, I know what's going to happen. I'm going to wind up one of those eccentric convicts you read about. They're going to open my cell door 40 years from now and all the walls are going to be covered with equations and logarithms in teeny, tiny scrawl.

Mel: We're going to do our best to make sure that doesn't happen. But it won't be easy. Stockwell is out for blood. He wants to make you an example in his campaign against porn, drugs and sex.

Emmett: Everything we hold dear.

Ted: There must be someone you know who could pull a few strings, put in a kind word on my behalf.

Mel: Uh, there's someone we all know.

Emmett: Brian.

Ted: I'm a dead man.

[Michael and Ben’s place]

Justin taking about his draw: You hate it.

Michael: I don't... I don't hate it. It's just, well, I didn't picture him looking quite so...

Justin: So what?

Michael: Evil.

Justin: Well, you said the secret potion he's taking to make himself invincible has warped his mind.

Michael: Yeah, but underneath, he's still a hero, a good guy, and he will be again, once zephyr blows some sense into his head.

Ben: Hey, guys.

Michael: Hi.

Justin: Hey, Ben.

Ben: What are you two up to?

Michael: Working on the second issue.

Justin: Yeah, we're trying to come up with this villain--

Michael: It's not a villain. A fallen hero.

Justin: His name is juice pig.

Ben: Oh?

Michael: He's sort of a Jekyll and Hyde character. You know, sometimes he's charming and kind, and other times--

Justin: He's a monster.

Ben: Wonder where you got that idea. So, uh, Deb tells me that Ethan was a big hit.

Justin: Yup, he got rave reviews and a booking with the buffalo symphony.

Ben: That is great.

Justin: I'll give these another shot.

Michael: Thanks.

Justin: See you.

Ben: See you, Justin.

Michael: I'll get the door. Bye. [***] So how was the gym?

Ben: Oh, did, uh, 315 on the bench press.

Michael: You could use a protein shake after that.

Ben: I'll make it.

Michael: By the way, Vic invited us to dinner tomorrow, to meet his new boyfriend.

Ben: Roy and I are working legs tomorrow night.

Michael: Well, couldn't you work legs earlier?

Ben: I teach earlier, Michael. Plus I got to make some calls for Paul’s memorial service.

Michael: I could help you.

Ben: Hey, no offence, but it's not your world.

[Mel and Linds’ bathroom]

Mel: Negative. Again.

Lindsay: Oh, honey, don't take it personally. Most women don't get pregnant their first try.

Mel: I'm not most women. I'm used to hitting a grand slam, first time out of the box.

Lindsay: You may have to adjust your thinking. The doctor told you it usually takes about ten months.

Mel: What do we do until then?

Lindsay: We could pick out names.

Mel: In the Jewish faith, you're suppose to name your first-born after your grandfather.

Lindsay: What was your grand-father's name?

Mel: Hyman.

[Laughing]

Lindsay: Oh, no!

Mel: Shh, you'll wake up Gus.

Lindsay: What's the other one?

Mel: Herman.

Lindsay: Oh, I'm praying for a girl.

Mel: Linds?

Lindsay: Hmm?

Mel: Do you suppose it's out there?

Lindsay: What?

Mel: Our kid. Waiting for us to will it into existence.

Lindsay: I never thought about it like that. Who knows? Maybe.

[Whispering]

Mel: Come on, kid. Get here.

[In the street – Brian walking to his car and Ted walking behind him]

Brian: Well, at last. My own personal stalker.

Ted: Hey, this is a beauty, Bri. First chance I've had to see it, you know, but then again, I've been busy, what with the new house and work and being arrested and going to jail.

Brian: Yeah, I saw the papers. That's an awful picture. I'd sue.

Ted: Yeah, well maybe when I'm in the big house I'll study law. I'll do it myself. Listen, Bri. Look, your friend Stockwell, he wants the power that be to throw the book at me. You think maybe you could put in a word?

Brian: Which word would you like?

Ted: "Don't."

Brian: Sorry, Theodore, no can do.

Ted: Please. I'm begging you.

Brian Look, I do his television spots. I'm not the f*cking D.A.

Ted: I know, but you've got his ear. He might listen to you.

Brian: Well, you know as well as I do that would be overstepping the bounds.

Ted: Since when do you ever give a sh*t about overstepping the bounds? You were always the first to cross them.

Brian: It's business.

Ted: Business. Right, of course. I understand. You go off to your meeting. Don't spend another second worrying about a little pisher like me. Here. There you go. [Ignition of engine] Drive safely now. m*therf*cker.

[At the supermarket][Focus on Justin and Daphne looking for some cheese]

Daphne: [sniff] Try this.

Justin: Smells like some guys I've gone down on.

Daphne: That is the grossest, most disgusting thing I've ever heard.

Justin: Thanks. I want something to go with a burgundy or a merlot.

Daphne: Oh, planning a party?

Justin: For two. Celebrate Ethan's triumphant return...

Daphne: Hail, Caesar.

Justin: And to supplicate myself at his feet for thinking he was f*cking around on me. I guess that's what comes from living with Brian.

Daphne: Okay, correction. Brian didn't f*ck around on you. You know, he was always honest, right from the start. [***] This might be nice with a rich, full-bodied--

[Still at the supermarket – Focus on Vic and Michael]

Vic: Eggplant. I mean, is this not a thing of beauty? Touch it. Stroke it.

Michael: Insert it?

Vic: I can't help it if everything's taken on a sexual connotation ever since I met Rodney.

Michael: I can't wait to meet him. I'm just..I'm sorry Ben won't be there.

Vic: I'm sure he has more important things.

Michael: Going to the gym.

Vic: He needs to spend more time at the gym like... I need asparagus.

Michael: Excuse me?

Vic: For the salad. A medley of arugula, endive, grilled asparagus and smoked--

[Back to Justin and Daphne]

Daphne: Llama. Well, that's what it says. It's made out of llama's milk.

Justin: I can't believe it. I mean, that I was actually jealous. I guess it just proves how much I love him...And I don't just mean sex either. It's more romantic. It's like Brahms or Mahler.

Daphne: Uh-huh.

Justin: I know. I sound like a great big...

Daphne: Cheeseball!

[Back to Vic and Michael]

Vic: Here, catch.

Michael: Uncle Vic, did you hear me?

Vic: Believe it or not, I can pick out produce and listen at the same time. "He’s angry, he's cruel."

Michael: He's not the same Ben.

Vic: It's 'roid rage, Michael.

Michael: I know, and I have to put up with it. I'm just tired of feeling like I couldn't possibly understand what he's going through 'cause I’m not positive.

Vic: Sounds like you're a bit rageful yourself.

[In Brian’s office]

Brian: I said no interruptions.

Cynthia: There's somebody here to see you. Says it's urgent. Mrs. Ted Schmidt?

Brian: You might have called first.

Emmett: If I had, you would've been in a meeting, right? So, this is the inner sanctum of the great god Kinney...Where men's fates are decided.

Brian: What? Did Theodore send you down here to throw yourself on my mercy?

Emmett: He doesn't know I'm here and I have no intention of throwing myself on your mercy or anything else for that matter.

Brian: What a relief! I can come out from behind the desk.

Emmett: You realize, of course, there's a very good chance he'll go to jail.

Brian: Well, tell him to look on the bright side. At least he'll get f*cked regularly.

Emmett: I suppose that's meant to be witty. We all know about your charming sense of humour but we also know that deep down, you care about us, even though you'd never admit it. Which is why I've come--

Brian: I already told Ted there's nothing--

Emmett: I know what you told him. I also know what you think about teddy and me, that we're just a couple of silly queens setting up house, that it'll never work. Well, there was a time when I would've thought exactly the same thing. But miracle of miracles, I have never been happier in my entire life. And you want to know why? Because he gives me love and respect. And now it is my turn to give him something back. Now I swore to myself this wasn't going to wind up an old Lana turner movie, but it looks like that's the direction it's headed, so I'm going to make Lana proud. Please, Brian I am begging you. Help him.
[Debbie's house]

Debbie: Vic cooks, I cook, all the Grassis are cooks. Nonny, uh, that was our grandmother, Nonny made cannoli that was lighter than air. Before she died, she asked me what I wanted, I said her recipe. She wouldn't give it to me. She took it with her right to her grave.

Vic: Which is why we're having poached pears with almond cream.

Debbie: Ah! And her gnocchi, well, if you've ever tried to make it, you know it can come out like b*ll*ts.

Michael: Ma. Ma, would you let Rodney talk?

Debbie: Who's stopping him?

Vic: You sort of have to dive in around here.

Michael: You were telling us how you and Vic met.

Debbie: A poz men's group.

Rodney: At a poz men's group.

Vic: We saw each other across a crowded room.

Rodney: I didn't even want to go, but some friends of mine convinced me that I should meet some positive men.

Michael: Why's that?

Rodney: I'd been dating negative men for a while and it never seemed to work out. No matter how hard we tried, they could never really understand what it was like living with this thing and with vice, there's no need to explain. We already know what each other's going through. Instead of separating us, it brought us closer together.

Vic: Of course, not everyone who's positive feels that way.

Rodney: You mind if I ask, are you--

Debbie: No, he isn't, but his boyfriend is.

Rodney: Oh, I'm sorry. I never meant to say that you--

Michael: It's...it's okay. I'm... I'm sure there're a lot of things I'll never understand but it's not for a lack of trying.

[Brian and Jim playing racquetball]

Jim: Woo! Don't you know you're supposed to let the boss win?

Brian: Why would I do that?

Jim: Some people might say it's smart.

Brian: Yeah, well, some people are stupid. Why would you trust me if I let you win?

Jim: Score another point.

Brian: Besides, I don't like to lose.

Jim: That makes two of us. You want to check out the steam room?

Brian: Love to.

Jim: I asked the D.A. to fast-track the Schmidt trial in time for the election. I was also thinking we should do a TV spot with a bunch of school kids, on the dangers of porn.

Brian: Yeah, the ad's a good idea. Keep the family-guy image alive but there's not much I could do with this trial.

Jim: It's all over the news.

Brian: Yesterday's news.

Jim: That's why I want you to keep it alive.

Brian: You know, it's like selling last year's model that everyone's already seen it. Besides, it's not like you arrested O.J. That guy's a bug. He's a schmuck. He didn't even k*ll anybody.

Jim: But if we could get a conviction--

Brian: Ah, that would be the worst thing, and your opponent will accuse you of going after some small-

fry to get the free publicity, the press'll turn him into a martyr. It's like my dear father used to say, if you're going to pick on someone, pick on someone your own size.

Jim: So where do we go next?

Brian: Well, I'd suggest the showers.

Jim: You coming?

Brian: Yeah, in a minute.

[Ethan's place]

Justin: To the New York phil.

Ethan: And the London phil, and the Vienna phil, and the Berlin phil and the quick, name another phil.

Justin: Phil Farnsworth? We were in the seventh grade together.

Ethan: To Phil Farnsworth, wherever he may be. I love your mouth.

Justin: Ah? You do?

Ethan: Mm-hmm. Yeah, you have the most perfect lips.

Justin: Swallowing.

Ethan: Of course, I love the rest of you too, but when I was in that hotel room the other night, alone, jerking off...

Justin: You were touching yourself? You didn't call me?

Ethan: I was imagining you kissing me all over. [Justin starting kissing at Ethan] Sweet tendah kisses...

Justin: And then I went down on your hot, hard c*ck...

Ethan: Oh-h.

[Knocking on door]

Ethan: Oh, who the f*ck is that, the girl scouts?

Justin: I'll tell them to f*ck off.

The man of the concert: Hi, is Ethan here?

Ethan: What're you doing here?

The man: I wanted to see you again, so I so I drove in.

Ethan: Well, you shouldn't have. I think you better go now.

Justin: No, wait. He came all the way from Harrisburg. It's a long drive. Believe me, I know.

The man: Oh yeah? You his roommate or--

Justin: I'm his muse.

[Michael and Ben’s place]

Ben: What're you sitting in the dark for?

Michael: Waiting for you.

Ben: Told you, I was working out.

Michael: Legs, I know.

Ben: Oh, so, what's Vic’s new boyfriend like?

Michael: They're so alike, it's uncanny.

Ben: What same interests, same temperament?

Michael: Same disease. They're both positive.

Ben: Oh.

[Michael holding in hid hand Ben’s syring]

Ben: Where'd you get that?

Michael: I found it wrapped up in the garbage.

Ben: Michael... Michael, I’ve... I’ve used it. Just put it down.

Michael: You know, seeing Vic and his new boyfriend, that really made me think, you know? Maybe you're right. Maybe you should be with a poz guy.

Ben: No, no, no. I was upset when I said that. I didn't mean that...

Michael: Maybe that poz guy should be me.

Ben: Michael, please!

Michael: Please what? All it would take is a quick jab in a vein and be over in a flash. I'd hardly feel a thing and then I’d be just like you.

Ben: I don't want you to be like me.

Michael: You said you want someone who knows what you're going through, who wakes up every morning and suddenly remembers, "hey, that's right, I’ve got this thing." Who thinks every time he gets a cold or the flu, "this is it, this is the end." Who's filled with the resentment and anger 'cause he could never have kids, and who has to sh**t himself up with steroids because his lover died, and he's scared

shitless he's next, and who has to drive away the person he loves, and who loves him because he doesn't understand. Well, now i will.

Ben: No, please, please, don't. For god's sake, stop!

Michael: No, you stop. Stop using this sh*t. Stop hurting yourself. Stop hurting us.

[Dropping of syringe][Closing of door]

[Ethan’s place]

Justin: "I want to be with someone who only wants to be with me. Someone I can be with forever." A crock of sh*t.

Brian: I meant it.

Justin: Yeah, I’m sure you did the second you were saying it.

Ethan: Christ, look what you're doing to your hands.

Justin: Oh, so f*cking what? You're a liar!

Ethan: I didn't want to hurt you.

Justin: That is so laughably, so pathetically lame i am not even going to comment on it! Try something else.

Ethan: I was covering my a*s.

Justin: That's better. Go on.

Ethan: I was alone, you weren't there.

Justin: Now it's my fault.

Ethan: That's not what I mean. I missed you.

Justin: So you... since you couldn't bear to be without me for one f*cking night, you decide to pick up some...drooling admirer?

Ethan: Basically, yes.

Justin: So tell me, Mr. gold, as a last minute replacement, how'd he do? Did he kneel at your feet and worship your huge talent? Did he marvel at your magnificent fingering? Did the way you stroke your bow leave him breathless?

Ethan: It was one stupid mistake! Look how many times you forgave Brian.

Justin: I never forgave Brian! I never had to because he never promised me anything. You did.

[Justin takes off the ring and puts it under the table]

Ethan: I need you. I don't know what I'm going to do without you.

Justin: I'm sure you'll survive. After all, you still have your music. It's the only thing you ever really loved.

[Ted's and Emmett's place]

Emmett: Even if worse comes to worse and you have to go to jail, it won't be so bad.

Ted: How do you figure that?

Emmett: You'll have time to read and work out. It'll be like a spa vacation.

Ted: Oh yeah, I hear the prison guards do a great herbal body wrap, and the chefs prepare a fabulous light cuisine.

Emmett: I'll come to visit and we'll make mad, passionate love. I doubt the state pen allows g*y conjugal visits.

Emmett: They did in this film I saw.

Ted: Which one was that?

Emmett: "Jeff Stryker does hard time".

Ted: Look, Em, I appreciate you trying to cheer me up, but life, at least as I know it is over.

[Knocking on door]

Ted: Oh my god, it's the police. They've come to get me. They've come to get me.

Emmett: No, no. It's... No...

Mel: Hey!

Emmett: Hey. He's...

Mel: Oh, Teddy! Hurry up, get dressed. We're late.

Ted: For what? Where're we going?

Mel: The D.A.'s office. They're willing to accept a plea bargain. You plead guilty to the charges, and they won't seek a prison sentence.

Emmett: Oh my god! Oh my god, that's wonderful! Isn't that wonderful, Teddy?

Ted: I…I can't believe it. How did you convince them?

Mel: I didn't. I guess you must have friends in high places.

Ted: You don't suppose Brian... Naw, that's impossible.

Emmett: Oh, I wouldn't be so sure. You know how forceful your powers of persuasion can be.

Mel: Don't rejoice yet. They're going to slap you with a m*therf*cker of a fine. You're also going to have to shut down the website.

Ted: Forever?

Mel: You do anything even remotely connected to porn again, even buying a f*cking naked greeting card, the D.A.'ll slam you to the wall and screw you standing. Now put your pants on.

[Ben and Michael's place]

Ben: Didn't mean to wake you.

Michael: I was already up. I didn't get much sleep.

Ben: Yeah, me either.

Michael: So who told you to sleep on the sofa?

Ben: Well, after what you said, I--

Michael: I meant it.

Ben: Look, baby, I'm going to have a hard enough day, going to Paul's memorial, seeing all those guys with their sunken cheeks.

Michael: At least they're still alive, and so are you.

Ben: I've decided to stop using the steroids.

Michael: Good for you.

Ben: They are counter-productive to my healing.

Michael: Why don't you just say they've turned you into a raving sh*t?

Ben: All right, they have turned me into a raving sh*t. I'm sorry.

Michael: Thanks. You're apologizing for the wrong thing.

Ben: Well, what then?

Michael: You're the brainy professor. You figure it out.

Ben: Okay, I'm sorry for saying that I should find someone who's positive. That was the drugs talking.

Michael: No, it was you. Don't make excuses. If that's what you want, then do it.

Ben: It's not what I want. I want you.

Michael: At 9:00 o'clock on Tuesday morning? What about 10:00?

Ben: I will feel the same at 10:00, and 11:00, and 12:00.

Michael: You're really going to stop?

Ben: I already have. Now, why don't you get dressed and come with me?

Michael: It's not my world. I don't belong there.

Ben: You belong with me.

[Liberty diner]

Brian: Someone didn't sleep at home.

Justin: What are you, a detective?

Brian: No, it's just the same stunning ensemble you wore yesterday.

Justin: I spent the night at Daphne’s, if it's any of your f*cking business.

Brian: Do I detect a discordant note in love's tender refrain?

Ted: Hey, Deb, can I get some coffee?

Deb: Coming right up, honey.

[Clearing of throat]

Ted: I've been, thinking of a way to say this without sounding maudlin and hence incurring your wrath, so I’ve decided to delete any references to loyalty, friendship, responsibility, and being one's brother's keeper and go with a simple "thank you."

Brian: Who said I was buying you lunch?

Ted: I'm talking about saving my life.

Brian: Oh. That. That was nothing.

Ted: Which is exactly what Mel says I’ll be worth by the time they get done with me. But better "hard up" than "hard time".

Debbie: Here you go, Teddy.

Ted: Thanks, Deb. Well, good news. I won't be going to jail. Thanks to a friend.

Debbie: Oh, that's wonderful. Oh honey, I’m so relieved. Oh, god, that's on the house!

Brian: Just don't flatter yourself. I didn't do it for you. I did it to protect my client.

Ted: Of course. How could I have been so presumptuous?

Debbie to Justin: I'll never figure out why he does that.

Justin: You mean act like a total sh*t?

Debbie: When it's obvious he just saved Teddy's a*s.

[Mel and Linds' place]

Lindsay: You're not supposed to test every time you tinkle.

Mel: Says who?

Lindsay: You have to let Mother Nature take her course in her own sweet time.

Mel: Oh! It's easy for her. She's already a mother.

Lindsay: All right. I'll let you have your fun with chemistry and go make dinner. Sloppy Joes okay? Mel?

Mel: Don't worry about putting the buns in the oven.

Lindsay: What? Oh my... god. It's...[Gulping] It's blue.

Mel: You're damn right, it's blue.

Lindsay: Well, this means you're—

Mel: You got it.

Lindsay: Are you sure this is accurate?

Mel: Oh, better be, or else I'm going to sue the panties off that company.

Lindsay: This is unbelievable. First time out of the box.

Mel: Told you. Don't f*ck with Mother Nature, huh? Well, I'm here to tell her, "don't f*ck with me."

[Ted's office]

Emmett: What do you want to do with all these?

Ted: Mmm? Oh, uh...thought I'd donate them to charity.

Emmett: You can get a write-off.

Ted: Yeah, somehow, I don't think I'll be needing that now.

Emmett: Oh my god! Look! It's my revolving bed, from when I was a big star.

Ted: You still are. It's the dicks that got small. I never let anyone else use it. It retired when you did.

Emmett: God, it brings back so many memories. The G.I. Joe jerk, construction worker whack.

Ted: God bless the village people. True visionaries.

Emmett: So you, care to take her for a little spin?

Ted: No, I can't. I got too much to do.

Emmett: Please, Teddy? Come on, one last time? All right, boys. Start 'er up! Here we go!

Remember, you gave me my porn name.

Ted: "Fetch Dixon". Name of your favourite pet and the street you grew up on.

Emmett: You know, you never told me yours.

Ted: "Millicent Kensington". [Ted starts to cry]

Emmett: Oh, it's all right, baby. You cry. You cry all you want.

Ted: You know what I'm most upset about?

Emmett: No more "rim-a-rama"?

Ted: That we had to give up the house. I really wanted you to have that.

Emmett: Honey, your saying that means more to me than living in it.

Ted: Yeah, not quite.

Emmett: Listen. Where I come from, we had tornadoes all the time. They'd blow the roof off, destroy everything. We always looked at it as a chance to rebuild, you know, make things better. So the business is gone. So the house is gone. So every cent you ever made is...

Ted: Yeah, yeah, I got it. I got it.

Emmett: The point is, it doesn't matter. We still have each other and together, we are going to be just fine.

[At Babylon]

Brian: That's a Montecristoespecial smuggled from Cuba, so stick it in your mouth and suck.

[Michael trying to smoke] If that's any indication of your technique, it's amazing you have a boyfriend.

Michael: I'm still in shock. We made a baby after just one try.

Brian: It's f*cking depressing, all right. Your sperm actually liked Melanie's eggs. Ugh. Well, I guess there's no accounting for some people's tastes.

[Clearing of throat]

Brian: Easy, Mikey.

Michael: I don't think I can do it.

Brian: What?

Michael: Be responsible for another life.

Brian: Did I ask you to?

Michael: Not you, as*h*le. The kid.

Brian: Job's done. From here on out, the l*zzie's do all the work. All you have to do is show up for birthday parties and the occasional walk in the park.

Michael: I don't intend to be a drop-in dad like you. I want to be involved, a real father if I can just figure out how.

Brian: You're going to be a great dad.

Michael: What makes you so sure?

Brian; You raised me, didn't you? Look how I turned out.

[In the backroom at Babylon – Justin and Brian look at each other]

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